MEDIAEVAL GERMANY.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE.

A HISTORY OF GERMANY IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By Ernest F. Henderson, A. B. (Trinity College, Conn.), A. M. (Harvard), Ph. D. (Ber-lin), Editor of "Seject Historical Documents of The Middle Ages." Pp. xix, 437, Macmillan & Co.

Mr. Henderson calls his book an experiment, He has been told by a competent authority that there is little interest in the history of mediaeval Germany among those who read English. His belief is that the lack of interest is due to the fact that the history has not been properly narrated. That the story of Germany in the Middle Ages could be made of absorbing interest is certain, but it is not so certain that Mr. Henderson has adopted the best method of relating it. As the history has always been told, and as it is relterated in this book, there are episodes of the greatest interest, but the narrative as whole lacks form and continuity. The tale is one of warring princes, of intriguing popes, and emperors hard beset. Somehow the people of Germany rarely appear in the drama. Whether a history of the German people in the Middle Ages can or cannot be written is a question for experts. If it cannot, then what is written will always be less attractive than it should be. The author describes the vast quantity of material that is now accessible for recording every stage of German development; yet he has comparatively little to say of any except the political aspect of German life. In the case of England contemporary records furnish directly or indirectly the means for a comparatively complete study of the social life of the people from very early times. The same can be said of France and of Spain so far as the history of the latter country can be extricated from legend. There are, of course, specific reasons why the task should be harder in the case of Germany than in that of other nations of Europe. From the outset its record is one of disunion. Germany had no natural boundaries except to the south and the north. Even in Roman times the country was inhabited by diverse tribes, and it is only on rare occasions that a leader appears capable of uniting the savage and warlike population. Ariovistus and Arminius had no sooner disappeared than the political confederacles which they formed fell to pieces. Very much the same must be said of the great rulers in later times. Charlemagne's empire, built up with so much skill, was practically destroyed by his death. It required ages of conflict and discussion to create the feeling of unity that undoubtedly exists to-day in Germany. Germans received from Rome a training differ-

ent from that given to other races. Britain was for many generations occupied by Roman troops. France and Spain were highly civilized districts of the empire, but the best that the Romans could do in Germany was to shut the flerce tribes outside of the empire with a wall. Other tribes were trained in civilization as communities on their own territory. The Germans who came in contact with the Roman power came practically as individuals. In the course of time by mere stress of numbers they held a large place in the imperial organism. They filled the armies of Rome and the civil offices and finally took possession of the empire. They came as colonists in such multitudes that Northern Italy was practically Germanized and yet they never assimilated with the people among whom they settled. Possibly even in those days no German left his native country willingly. They may have felt as Walter von der Vogelweide felt long afterward, when he said: "He who wishes to look for virtue and for true love shall come to our land; there delight is to be found in plenty. Oh! that I may live long therein." The natural processes of German emigration were seen in the twelfth century, when the people, especially the agriculturists, felt themselves crowded and began to press upon their neighbors to the eastward. In the eleventh century Germany possessed, says Mr. Henderson, "little more than the lands between the Eibe, Rhine and Danube; by the fourteenth she had doubled her territory, had extended her bounds to the Baltic and the River Vistula and had peopled Bohemia, Silesia and even Transylvania with her colonists." This conquest of new territory was a each individual of which was acting on his own responsibility. The work went on without reference to the politics of the time. Manse was added to manse and village to village, and so the boundaries were moved outward almost imperceptibly. There were exceptions to this peaceful movement of population. When Albrecht the Bear, about 1134, took possession of the land between the Elbe and the Havel, and the region now known as Altmark, he had to fight for part of the new territory. The crusade in 1147 against the Wends depopulated a country which was soon to be filled with German colonists. In the following century the heathen tribes of Prussia were practically destroyed by the Teutonic Order and their places were taken by Christian immigrants. In spite of such exceptions the process of colonization went on in general without any preconceived purpose. As Mr. Henderson describes it, it is not unlike the westward march MR. STEVENS'S FAC-SIMILE OF THE "BOOK of population in the United States. What could properly be called war was rare, but the settlers were as merciless toward the savages whom they displaced as the Americans toward the redmen. "The Slavs were treated by the Germans," says Mr. Henderson, "much as the redskins by their American conquerors; in certain districts the war against them was one of extermination. In the County of Schwerin, about the year 1170, we hear of an order being given that every Slav who could not answer certain inquiries about himself should be strung up to the nearest tree." While the ancient movements into Italy were rather those of organized masses yet the results were similar to those of the later period. The landhunger of the Teuton had been the same in all

The Germany whose history Mr. Henderson relates is the Germany of the emperor, the princes and the nobles. He describes in a few paragraphs the growth of cities around the market-places established by imperial decree, and he alludes to the quarrel between Frederick II and his son Henry VII which marks the growth attained by the municipalities early in the thirteenth century. Frederick, looking to the past, defended the ancient rights of the princes and the landed aristocracy. His son would have restricted the power of the nobility by enlarging the privileges of the cities. The controversy was settled in favor of the nobles, whose cause Mr. Henderson seems to advocate, but subsequent events must show that Henry was right. The one purpose of Frederick had been to perpetuate the imperial power in his own family. The only way to accomplish this was to weaken the aristocracy; but Frederick evidently considered the cities too weak for his purpose, and Henry was obliged to issue a so-called golden bull in which the princes received the title they never had before, that of lords of their territories. "All privileges and turisdictions" says Mr. Henderson, "were to be theirs absolutely, all the counts or administrators of the hundreds of lesser districts were to hold office directly from them. The only restriction laid upon them was that they should not change the laws of their land without consulting their nobles. The duchies, margravates and bishoprics were fast becoming States within a State." These sentences seem to mark the place where German political evolution diverges from that of other nations. The royal power and the popular liberty in England were the result of an almost opposite process. It was by restricting the privileges of the nobility in England that other classes of the population came by their own; but we must attribute to the decision of Frederick II the federalism of the modern German Empire, certainly far from being the most imperfect of politi-

As the records show, Frederick's care for the

princes was ill repaid. His character is the most interesting and the most puzzling in the history of mediaeval Germany. Germany was to be a land of many cities, and yet he put obstacles in the way of their growth. It was to be, and it was, in his time, the land of heresies. He was charge of Pope Gregory IX that Frederick called Moses, Mahomet and Christ the three impostors who had deceived the whole world. The remark is worthy of Voltaire, but it must be remembered that Frederick's youth was spent among the luxurious and free-thinking Saracens of Sicily, that he kept a harem in the Oriental fashion all his life, and that he rarely missed an opportunity to make a sharp speech. When all Europe was affrighted in 1241 by the rumored approach of the Mongols under Batou Khan, a grandson of Genghis Khan, it was said that "Batou had offered Frederick, if he would lay down his arms, a lucrative employment at the Mongol Court. Frederick was said to have answered that he knew a good deal about birds-on which subject, as it happens, a treatise of his has come down to usand would like the position of falconer." He was perhaps responsible for the wittleism that the Mongols were coming to make peace between the empire and the papacy. Sardonically indifferent to matters of belief, he could only have been a persecutor for political ends. He was aware that he had been, from the beginning of his reign, an object of suspicion to the Dominicans who were then fairly started on thei; career of murderous activity. No rank was safe from their accusations. "The inquisitors to whom Frederick was obliged out of deference to the Pope to grant his imperial protection went on the principle, as the trustworthy annals of Worms tell us, that they would rather burn a hundred innocent persons than let one guilty one escape." A single incident of the times shows, however, the real temper of the German people. Charges were brought against Count Henry of Sayn which resembled those made in the later ages in cases of witchcraft. For example, he was said to have been seen riding on a crab. The accusations were made by one Conrad, of Marburg, who had received from Gregory powers for the rooting out of heresy not unlike those assumed by Matthew Hopkins, Witchfinder-General for all England in the seventeenth century. Count Henry justified himself before an assembly of the princes, but Conrad persisted in his accusations, whereupon the infuriated populace, without waiting for word from the Pope, who, it is said, would have relieved the count, murdered Conrad and several of his alders and abettors. Shortly afterward the Diet of Frankfort passed a law that offences against the faith should be tried in the secular courts by regular judicial procedure and that the decisions must be in accordance with equity. Though this decree could not be enforced literally it shows that the legislators of Germany were in advance of their time.

The most curious trait of the period was that the political exigencies of a bishop or a noble could subject the population of a whole district to slaughter. Mr. Henderson alludes in a paragraph to the feud between Gerard, Archbishop of Bremen, and the Frisian Stedingers, a tribe of peasants who numbered about 11,000. These simple-minded people rejected the authority of the Archbishop. When he found that a charge of heresy did not suffice he persuaded Gregory to proclaim a crusade against the Stedingers, on the ground that they were guilty of magical practices in which figured a toad the size of an oven, a black cat double the size of a dog, and a man wasted to a skeleton with wonderfully pale face and great black eyes. The result was that the entire tribe was destroyed by an army of 40,000 crusaders. It is perhaps impossible to get at the truth in this case and in many others wholesale massacre for heresy in the Middle Ages; but the truth, if it could be obtained, would be nearer to a history of the German people than the most elaborate nagrative of the contest between the Hohenstaufens and the papery. It is in the innumerable upheavals of the popular religion against the Church and against the recog nized authority that one can discern the tendencles which finally triumphed in the Reformation papacy and to the Church as organized could have enabled the German emperors to maintain as long as they did their contest with the Popes. When we come to that contest we feel that German politics possesses something like unity. Hitherto it has been merely personal. If the monarch was a great man his politics shared his greatness. If he was a trifler the affairs of State seemed like trifles. But from the time of Frederick Ray. of Luther. Only a deep-seated antipathy to the a trifler the affairs of State seemed like trifles. But from the time of Frederick Bar barossa onward to the close of the Hohenstaufen dynasty, and especially in the reign of Frederick II, there are great doings, because the heart of the German people is in the fight. As one reads the story now one cannot help feeling that i Frederick II had been more candid and less of a humorist, if he had appealed more directly to the humorist, if he had appealed more directly to the German people, if he had withstood the spirit persecution as his son Henry wished to do, the Reformation might have been brought about long before Luther. The true history of Ger-many, if it shall ever be written, will be a history of its cities and of its heresies rather. princes and its emperors.

COLUMBUS.

OF PRIVILEGES"

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, HIS OWN BOOK OF PRIVILEGES, 1642. Photographic Fac-simile of the Manuscript in the Archives of the Foreign Office in Paris, now for the First Time Published, with Expanded Text Translation into English and an Historical Introduction. The Transliteration and Translation by George P. Barwick, B. A., of the British Museum, the Introduction by Henry Harrisse. The whole compiled and edited with preface by Benjamin Franklin Stevens. Pp. 1xvi., 284. B. F. Stevens, (London.)

This splendid volume has already been described in The Tribune but it is worth while to consider the points which make it of interest to the general reader as well as to the lover of curious tomes. The bibliophile will turn the leaves of rough-edged paper, as thick and almost as strong as parchment, and will gaze with admiration at the pages, every one a triumph of the printer's art. But to the average man these things do not appeal so forcibly. He may wonder at the display of black letter and italic margins, and may even be puzzled to guess the utility of a manuscript fac-simile. But he will find that all these things are of particular use to him fust because he lacks the training of an expert. If he is interested in the career of Columbus or | to dread the unhung rabble of later years. No in any of the questions that beset the biography of that discoverer, he here finds the most important documents bearing on the matter in the exact form in which they are studied by encolatiete He will not have to travel to Paris in the hone. perhaps vain, of studying a codex which he can now have in his own library He can learn easily how important are the mere face and form of manuscript to such a study. He will find, with the aids which this volume furnishes, that a comparatively meagre knowledge of the Spanish and Latin languages will enable him to form a trustworthy opinion on many points where critics and biographers disagree. The foresight of Mr. Stevens has made it possible for his readers to inspect the very handwriting of Columbus, and to form independent opinions as to his character; for he has added to a complete reproduction of the Paris codex of the "Book of Pr.vileges" three holograph letters which, in addition to the interest of their contents, bear witness to the impetuous and ardent temper of the man

The name of Columbus became proverblal in Spain as that of an incessant seribbler. Mr. Harrisse says that the buffoon of Charles V, Francesillo de Zufiga, once exclaimed, "I hope to God that Gutlerrez will always have plenty of paper, for he writes more than Ptolemy and than Columbus, who discovered the Indies." It is not hard to recognize by this trait the man of one idea. It recalls in a flash all those years of anxiety and poverty and devotion which Columbus wasted in the vain endeavor to interest princes and persons of authority in the project which

the causes, perhaps the most important cause, for Columbus's failure as an administrator in the New World. In the highest rense Columbus was a man of action, but in the ordinary meaning of the term he could hardly be so called. One must himself the ideal heretic, and yet he encouraged imagine him with many of the traits of great the victims of their contemporaries and the idols of posterity. As long as he was unable to carry out the purpose upon which he was intent he could be looked upon as a harmless but vexatious lunatic, but as soon as he had achieved that purpose he became an obstacle in the way of men without genius, but far more capable than he in practical affairs. His very absorption for years in the one great thought of his life made it impossible for him to act and speak with uniform wisdom respecting smaller matters. Almost invariably such a man is the last to be conscious of his defect. The habit which he had acquired of speaking and writing endlessly on one subject followed him throughout his life. If by some miracle he could have become, after his first voyage, silent of speech and indifferent to the pen, yet quick and sternly immovable in his decisions, he would have been as great in politics as in the annals of discovery. Little imagination is needed to make one feel

that some of these characteristics are revealed in

the three autograph letters reproduced in this volume. The handwriting is hasty and irregular, but the style is that of a man accustomed to putting his thoughts on paper. Two of the letters are addressed to an intimate friend, Nicolò Oderigo. In the year 1501, after Columbus had returned from the New World, Oderigo was sent by Genoa to Spain as a special envoy to Ferdinand and Isabelia in the hope of repressing depredations committed on Ligurian vessels by Catalan and Majorcan seamen. The embassy was without result, but Oderigo met Columbus at Grenada and, in the frequent conversations that followed, Oderigo came to know more of Columbus's affairs han he did himself. Perhaps Columbus dreamed of returning in honor to the city which he claimed as his home. At all events, says Mr. Harrisse, The chief topic discussed was the intention on the part of Columbus to assign perpetually to the Bank of St. George one-tenth of his income arising from all his rights and privileges in the New World. The object of the intended gift was to reduce the customs duty or tax laid upon provisions brought into the city of Genea. Doubtless Columbus then also informed the Genoese ambassador of his desire to intrust to him for safekeeping a certified copy of the privileges granted by their Catholic Majestles as a reward for the discovery of the transatiantic regions." Oderigo soon returned home, and the two men never met again. But the affection that existed between them is revealed in the very first line of the first letter in the series here printed. "The lonellness," exclaimed Columbus, "in which you have left us cannot be told." He goes on to tell how he has intrusted a book of his writings to Messer Francesco di Rivarola, who is to send it to Oderigo, and he promises to send another copy as soon as it is finished. The letter betrays the enthusiasm of the man. "I am on the point of setting out," he writes, "In the name of the Holy Trinity, with the first fine weather, with a great equipment." This was on March 21, 1502. On April 2 of the same year he wrote a letter in relation to the other topic which Mr. Harrisse mentions. Again his sanguine disposition defies restraint He is now writing not to a man admitted to his intimate confidence, but to the officials in control of the Bank of St. George. He prefaces a matter of business with an apostrophe that sounds like a hymn of thanksgiving. "Although my body gors about here, my heart is over there continually. Our Lord has conferred on me the greatest favor that, since David, he has conferred on any The fruits of my undertaking are already manifest and would make a great show if the ob scurity of the government did not overshadow them." Then he adds: "I am going again to the Indies in the name of the Holy Trinity, with the intention of returning at once; and since I am the entire revenue which shall be received, he is to pay you over there the tenth of it all yearly forever, toward the reduction of the dues on corn Columbus's "Book of Privileges" furnish a record

of magnificent promises, every one of which was broken. Among all the reasons that could be given for this bad faith- and they are innumerable-there is one which suffices for all. The fact that Columbus was not a Spaniard was deemed a legal excuse for repudiating all his claims. In the judicial proceedings against Diego Columbus, when he attempted to enter into possession of the rights and privileges which he had inherited, the law officers of the Spanish Crown, citing a law known as the Ordinance of Alcala, declared that, "as the said Don Christopher Columbus was a foreigner and not a native or denizen, and possesses besides no domicile in the kingdom, acording to the terms of the said law, this grant, although made to him and his heirs forever, is not valid, and should not be observed." In the light of this formal advice the group of documents which Columbus preserved with such care read like a satire on the honesty of kings. To this day the heir of Columbus has the right to call himself High Admiral of the Indies. It is an empty honor now. It was worse than an empty honor to Columbus, but many pages in this volume are devoted to a document which placed Columbus on the same footing as the High Admiral of Castile. By its terms he was entitled to one-third of all the gains arising from every maritime expedition carried out by any one within his admiralty, and to original jurisdiction, civil and criminal, over its entire extent. Other documents follow, increasing to a fabulous limit the rights and authority of the discoverer. Even if these promises were meant to be kept they were vitiated by a single decree (also included in Columbus's book) which permitted the migration to Hispaniola of every sort of criminal except those who may have been guilty of heresy, treason, counterfeiting, murder by fire or sword, and unnamable offenses. If Columbus had prayed to be released from the villains who tormented him on his first voyage, he had much more reason wonder he wrote, in his famous letter to the nurse of Prince Don Juan of Castile, which also figures in this volume: "I take my oath that a number of men have gone to the Indies who did not deserve water in the sight of God and of the world; and now they are returning thither and leave is granted them," Events at the very outset presaged the bloody history of the West Indies. In a single sentence Columbus prophetically summarized the story of the pirates and buccancers when he said: "Now that so much gold is found, a dispute arises as to which brings more profit, whether to go about robbing or to go to the mines." This controversy was settled apparently in favor of robbery. Though he got nothing save the privilege of being carried back to Europe in chains, it must be acknowledged that Celumbus, like every man of imagination, was very positive in his interpretation of the grants that had been made to him. Perhaps if he had been more moderate his fortunes would have been better, but it is hard to read the letter to the nurse without feeling the openness and candor of the man. He is too self-respectful to have been guilty of the tyrannical acts with which he has been charged.

The history of the Paris Codex which is reproduced in this volume reads like a romance. It has already been noted that Columbus sent two copies of the book to Nicolo Oderigo. These were intended ultimately to be handed over to the Genoese Republic, but Oderigo retained them in his own possession during his lifetime. They were transferred to the Republic by his son. The

eventually he carried out. It reveals also one of disappearance of one of them is still a mystery of literature. The same is true of another copy which was deposited in the monastery of Las Cuevas, near Seville, with the archives of the Columbus family. Mr. Harrisse alludes to a circumstance which may indicate that this longlost manuscript is somewhere in the United violent persecutions. Mr. Henderson credits the inventors, a class of men who are very frequently States. Edward Everett added to "An Oration note in which he described a small follo manuscript written on parchment, in binding rich, but worn, which he purchased in Florence in 1818, The title and the contents of this volume indicate that it may be the minuscript of Las Cuevas. Strangely enough, this note also disappeared from a subsequent edition of Mr. Everett's oration and was not reproduced in his complete works. It is not likely that a treasure so opportunely fallen into careful hands is lost to the world, but Mr. Harrisse hazards no conjectures. The remaining Genoese copy lay quietly in the archives of that city until it was disturbed, as were thousands of other manuscripts and works of art, by the conquests of Napoleon. The Emperor of the French cherished the design of making Paris the capital of Europe in every sense. The fall of the French Empire and the treaty of Vienna compelled the restitution of all the foreign archives in 1815, but Columbus's the foreign archives in 1815, but Columbus's "Book of Privileges" was not agong those returned to Genoa. Mr. Harrisse asks "How does it happen that the Columbus Codex and other Genoese documents are at present preserved in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Paris?" This again is one of the mysteries of literature which those who have the curiosity and the leisure are

JAPANESE LORE.

A SMALL COLLECTION OF POPULAR PROVERBS.

JAPANESE PROVERBS. Compiled and Translated by Ota Massyoshi. Pp. 57. (No place.) The very first of the popular sayings in this ineresting collection reminds one of an adage. "Fortune favors the brave" evidently conveys the same hint of encouragement as the Japa nese "Fortune will call at the smiling gate." But the Oriental proverb is even nearer to the fancy which underlies that mediaeval story about Virgil to the effect that he cast an enchantment upon a ertain gate in his beloved city of Naples, so that all who entered at one side, where there was a sculptured face, all jocund and smiling, prospered their business, while those who passed beneath the frowning face at the opposite side were doomed to the worst of disasters. "Fortune's wheel revolves," say the Japanese, showing that the fickle goldess might be pictured as she is in the West. Shakespeare's line, "And giddy Fortune's furious fickle whee," would be as readily understood in the land of the Mikado as in Europe. The wheel means the same thing in the East as in the West; a Japanese counterpart of the Welsh Fluellen might dwell on "the moral of it, that she is turning and inconstant, and mutability, and variation." Another Japanese saying, "Secret charity opens the vestiof fortune," expresses on idea that is found also in certain familiar injunctions of Scripture. another Japanese adage, "Secret virtue shall be rewarded openly." The widow's mite has become proverbial. The Japanese inculcate the same truth in the sentence, "The one candle of the poor is equal to ten thousand lamps of the rich man." injunction, "Lend, hoping for nothing again," may be compared with "Do a kindness, but expect no In the Sermon on the Mount it is said, "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness." So the Japanese have it "If the mind is clear, even in a dark room there will be radiance; if the thought is dark, at noonday there will be demone." Of the blind leading the blind, the Japanese say that "All will fall into the fire-hole." A lesson of common life is embodied in meaning that the most beloless creature will in aght more eloquently in the verses:

The Japanese express the same idea in various ways. Sometimes they say that if you give a rat the chance, he will rival the tiger. In extremity, they man will lie." That the man who is down has no other peoples. They say that "The naked body has never fail, or that those who are lying down never fail, or that beggars have no fear of bank-ruptey. Yet they have other proverbs which illustrate the fact that the utmost misery has untried depths. Thus they may express themselves almost in the form of a parable concerning one who, without a shelter in the world, took refuge under tree-boughs: "But the dew fell," they add, by way of suggesting the moral. "Even in the broad world," runs another aphorism, "the sparrow may be without lunch." We say that a living dog is better and lovable human beings that ever walked upon the earth. There was no quality wanting to her pernothing to lose," or that those who are lying down and to inflict upon genius. than a dead lion. They make the same comparison between a living pauper and a dead millionaire Hear both sides before judging" has a close parallel in the popular lore of the West. "The deeprooted tree need not fear the wind," suggests Mrs. Thrale's couplet:

The Japanese are aware that the longest way around is often the shortest way home, for they say, "If you want to hurry up, go around." know how hard it is for truth to overtake error. "Scandal," they say, "will travel a thousand miles, but good report will not leave the gate." One may out his welcome in Japan as in other countries, and so the people say that "There is no corliality for the too frequent visitor." That one cannot touch pitch without being deflied, they express in the sentence: "Approach too near to ink; you will be dyed with it." "In Rome do as Romans the caution, "Walls have ears," to which they add that doors have eyes. The Greeks explained with a fable the penalty of unthrift. Fable and moral are told in a line by the Japanese when they say that "Summer insects are unacquainted with snow." A wise Greek said: "Call no man happy until he is deed," and the Japanese have it that one's career is not finished until the lid is on one's coffin. Among the maxims of the Egyptian Ptah-Hotep, most antique of authors, was this: "Despise not thy neighbor, who is as thou wast, but Har is the Japanese caution against arrogance What is to-day your neighbor's lot, to-morrow may be your own." The Arabs illustrate the misfortunes of one who allows himself to be deprived of his rights by the example of the man who was crowded out of his tent by his camel. The Japanese have the same thought in the expression, "He who has the shelter of your eaves will claim your dwelling." A famous medical treatise of the Middle Ages, issued from the School of Salerno, began with the grim assurance that death is incurable. The Japanese deemed the fact worthy of their lore. "After death no medicine," say they, and again:
"There is rescue from all but death." The vox popull vox Del of the West meets its like in Japan. there "the people's mind" is said to be "Heaven's mind." The spilled milk of English and Ameri can rustic phrase becomes spilled water in the Japanese proverb. Poor Richard suggested modesty by hinting that little boats should keep near the shore. The Japanese imply as much by remarking: "For a small vessel use small sail." "Handsome is that handsome does" becomes with them "Good behavior obliterates ugliness." Corresponding to the English saying that "Beauty is only skin deep," they say, "Beauty is only one layer. Enough is as good as a feast" they offer the contrast, "Too much is as bad as not enough." me little, love me long" suggests the thought which the Japanese put in this form, "After exceswhich the Japanese put in this form, "After exces-sive loving is hatred a thousand-fold." A stranger at hand, they say, is better than a relative afar off. They have epitomized all fish stories in the phrase,
"The fish which escapes from the hook is always the largest," and have put in a nutshell a whole philosophy with the command, "If there is anything disagrecable to do, do it to-morrow," Two examples in Mr. Ota Masayoshi's collection show that the Japanese sometimes make use of the

triad known to the Hebrew wise man, and characteristic of Welsh antiquity. fortunes in life," is one of their sayings, "in youth to lose a father; in middle age the death of a wife in old age to have no children." Less perfect in form is the other specimen. But the ticulars are obvious in the comparison of the cloud that obscures the moon, and the wind that blights the opening flower, to minfortune, that darkens and destroys the life of man. The author has answered the question which was put to him as to whether or not the Japanese had any proverbs. From a hint

which he gives in his preface, it is to be inferred that many of his sentences were taken down from the lips of the people, and not culled from books. He has "loved the people," he explains, "more than scholarship." The proverbs need a more elaborate introduction to acquaint the reader with the condition of the popular philosophy in Japan. Some specimens in the collection would be clearer with a little explanation and comment. But the proverbs given will be of much use in comparative

LITERARY NOTES.

It is said that Mr. Froude is an enthusiastic yachtsman and may often be seen sailing his smart little cutter himself. He lives on the Devon coast and has plenty of opportunities for his favorite sport. We can recall no American author and pro-fessor who has a similar taste; but many of them are nowadays proficients in tennis.

Mr. Quiller-Couch, like Mr. Howells, believes more in hard work than in the impulses of genius. "When I am writing a story," he says, "I never do more than a thousand words a day, and sometimes it may not be more than a hundred and fifty words. I always devote the mornings to work. Whether the result is a thousand words or only a couple of sentences, I do not believe in waiting for inspiration; the effort must be made. I find that thought comes most readily when I am walking, and my stories and verses take shape most readily when I am out of doors. Some things I find it best to dictate while walking about the room, and when I am engaged on these my wife acts as amanuensis. Writing is usually a very painful business with me, but after have been at work for a little time this feeling often wears off, and I get through a good deal. But

that is not always the case." This young gentleman's ambition is to write one big book, which will have a chance of continued existence. After that he wants to do biography, which he thinks requires much the same qualities as the writing of novels.

Some irritated surprise has been expressed at Emerson's estimate of Poe, as revealed in Mr. Howells's interesting record in the August "Harper." But, however harshly the New-England Sage's epithet of "the fingle-man" may strike the ears of Poe's admirers, it is unreasonable to resent it. It is to understand that there were qualities in the work of Poe which did not appeal to a thinker of Emerson's type. Nor is there need to quarrel with Emerson's type. Nor is there need to be supported by the followed him to the door, "still speaking of poetry," lowed him to the door, "still speaking of poetry," good, aren't they? You never drank any better and saying that "one might very well give a pleasant hour to it now and then."

Mr. Kipling's new ballad in "The Pall Mall Magazine" is full of masculine force and has a stirring undercurrent of generous indignation. He is in truth the laureate of the British soldier, his advocate and defender-one who perhaps has more power in moving public feeling than has a writer of more serious

The "Pall Mall" introduces to its English readers, this month. Master Pill Nye, whose burlesque paper on no key lang are is funny but excee logly labored in spots. Spontaneous vivacity can't be stretched

Mrs. Craigie-otherwise John Oliver Hobbes-has arrived at the dignity of a "collected edition." The volume which Mr. Aubrey Beardsley is to illustrate in his peculiarly morbid and unlovely fashion is to contain "Some Emotions and a Moral," "The Sinner's Comedy." "A Bundle of Life," and "A Study in Terminations." These little stories will doubtless be more effective in this form.

The first edition of Coleridge's "Ode on the Departing Year," a thin quarto pamphlet, has been very scarce, only three copies being known, until recentmore copies, in admirable order, have been un-One has been sold at the not unreasonable price of \$157; the other, not being reparately catalogued, passed almost unnoticed, at an auction, and

restore to the coffin of Sir Thomas Browne, in St. Peter Mancroft Church, the skull which was abstracted and sold in 1840 by a thieving sexton. The purchaser was a celebrated Norwich surgeon, and the skull has ever since been preserved in the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital Museum. The hospital authorities have rejected the appeal of those interested in keeping together the bones of the author of "Religio Medici," and it is feared that no further steps will be taken in the matter. Descration after death both of body and character seems to be among the common penalties which the world finds it pleas-

fection: and I say this, not prompted by the partiality of a son, but as one well acquainted with the world, and with both men and women. There have been many ladles who have been beautiful, charming, witty and good, but I doubt whether there have been any who have combined with so high a spirit, and with so natural a gayety and bright an imagination as my mother's, such strong unerring good sense, tact and womanly discretion; for these last characteristics, coupled with the intensity of her affections to which I have already referred, were the real essence and deep foundations of my mother's with an ironical laugh.

"Now, if you'll run in and dress and meet me "Now, if you'll run in and dress and meet me "Now, if you'll run in and dress and meet me outside when I'm dressed well board a train for outside when I'm dressed well board a fection; and I say this, not prompted by the parlast characteristics, coupled with the intensity of her affections to which I have already referred, were the nature."

Mr. Lewis Morris is quite fitted for the laureate ship if to celebrate the domestic affairs of commonplace Royalty be the proper occupation of the holde of that post; but he is not a writer whose work will be treasured by the true lovers of the lovely Muse. The London Spectator" is just in saying that on misses in Mr. Morris's songs "the inspiration which is the living spirit of song." These verses enchant the ear." declares the critic; "they fall to 'take the prisoned soul and lap it in Elystum' and contain none of the lines which, once read, haunt the memory forever."

Professor Richard T. Ely's book on "Socialism" has been successful, the third edition now being in preparation.

There is to be found in the current "Cosmopolitan a significant comment on the work of Ibsen. It was uttered by Toistol in a conversation held with a famous Berlin impresario and recorded by M. "The manager was saying to the novelist that he had produced most of Ibsen's works, without understanding them. 'Well,' answered Tolstol, 'do you think that Ibsen understands them any better? He writes them first, and depends upon the commentaries of interpreters to explain to himself what "Of course," adds Sarcey, "this was aiming at. is on'y a joke. Still, it may contain some truth. Ibsen's is an effervescent mind; he does not alway apprehend what ideas are seething in his brain; they flow headlong, and at haphazard, on his paper. He needs to have them made clear to himself."

MEXICANS LIKE CIRCUMLOCUTION. From The London Globe.

From The London Globe.

While the American landlord writes, "Don't blow out the gas," the Mexican notice runs as follows:

"There is a matter to which the management respectfully desire to call the distinguished attention of the guests who exceedingly honor the hotel with their desired presence. Inasmuch as many lives have been lost aforetime through the inadvertency or reprehensible carclessness of persons who have, instead of turning the small brass cock attached to the gas-burner, which hangs from the ceiling or is attached to some portion of the wall-it is confidently honed by the management, etc."

After this we are not surprised to learn that the Mexicans are deficient in humor.

MME. BERNHARDT LIKES THE LYCEUM From The Sketch.

From The Sketch.

"And what do you think of the London stage?"

"I adore the Lyceum," she answered, clasping her hands together.

"Ellen Terry and Irving, they are enchanting. Yes; I try to imitate some of the latter's marvellous jeux de scène. I go to school at the Lyceum," and the Dona Sol of yesterday and Tosca of to-morrow smiled a curious little smile. "I have modelled my theatre in Paris on Mr. Irving's house. You know, here and in America much more attention is given to stage scenery and costume than with us, and this side of the drama should not escape the attention of the true artist, for a good mise en scene predisposes the public to listen favorably to the play, and makes the task of all concerned easy."

UNJUST DISCRIMINATION.

From The Chicago Record.

Officer Phaneygan—It's thin you're lookin', Mike.
Officer O'Morphy—'Tis the fault of the chief, be hanged to 'im.
Officer Phaneygan—How's that?
Officer O'Morphy—Shure, an' he put me on a beat with never a fruitstand on it, the disheriminatin' blaggard!"

THE COLONEL AND GIN FIZZEN

KNOWING A THING OR TWO ABOUT THE HE UNBURDENS HIS MIND.

The Colonel had taken a swim out to the raft and back at Manhattan Beach, and he was floa the shore with a contented expression on his sood looking, ruddy face. Catching sight of his friend opened his lips to shout out a welcome, when a curling wave, taking him unawares, tossed him

about and filled his mouth with water. "I'm sorry about that," he spluttered, taking a feet strokes and coming up with his friend. "Fresh water is bad enough, eh?" asked his friend

"Fresh water is out enough, " and the Colone, " "Oh, that joke is in ruins," said the Colone, " can drink water with any man-when it's the proper time to drink water. But I'm sorry I got that mouthful of sait water. Sait water gives me an extra thirst for gin fizzes. Now, I don't object to good, honest thirst for gin fizzes; in fact Tm rather grateful for it. But what I want," he added passet of the state of t ing to shoot gracefully over a curving wave I want, is to pick my time and place for a man thirst.

"You, see," continued the Colonel, as he took a fee short strokes in a circle, "I don't want to less a water feeling that I need two or three nice as fizzes to slake my thirst. And if you want why," he said, throwing up his head clear water and darting a military glance around, cause I don't like to be made a fool of "

When the Colonel is scoring a point he goes that it in an original way that is delightful and the bes thing to do is to let him follow his own course win out suggestion or interruption.

"I don't like to feel," he said, "that I'm being med a fool of. Now, when you and I go out of the water we'll want a gin fizz apiece, a nice long cool fellow, with a chilled dampness on the outside of the plan and the bubbles on top flirting in your face in a tantalizing way to tempt your lips to hurry up and drain the glass. Ah!" said the Colonel, his curving and his eye sparkling, "we'll each want couple of them."

Unconsciously he struck out for the beach waded ashore. For a moment he stood in the sand a light of anticipated pleasure on his moist face. Then his countenance clouded.

"But," he said, "do you know what those four gta fizzes will cost us? Eighty cents! Think of a man-20 cents a gin fizz? Do you know anythin about making gin fizzes? Do you know anythin about making gir increased in them? Well, I do, and I ought to. I've made enough of them. The many you say? Thank you for saying that. I see you know a gin fizz when you taste it. Well, then, I have figured it carefully just to confuse these bar tenders, and as near as I can come to it, it come me to make an Al. first-class, standard gin fizs that would do honor to a major-general in the fines army in the world a little over 4 cents. A little ore 4 cents! But." he added, waving an arm, "call to

The Colonel surveyed the field with a piercing eye "Five cents for a gin fizz that you couldn't buy at a bar, and now we must pay 20 cents for on not haif so good! What do you think of that? Who do you suppose was the man who conceived the idea that it was good business policy to charge a man 20 cents for something that he could get somewhere else for 12% cents, or could himself make for four and a half cents? Who was the man that made the wonderful discovery that the way to do a good business was to drive everybedy away from his place? That is the modern way of going about it.

"Now, when you can get two good gin fizzes is town for 25 cents, don't you think you are a foolify ou keep on buying them somewhere else at a cost of 40 cents for two? There is a mania nowadays for killing business with fatai prices. They are the surest polsons you ever saw. They will make a corose of any financial body.

"There is hardly a hotel man, a restaurant proprietor or a barkeeper to-day who will not tell you that he isn't making a dollar, and that he can't reduce prices." They aren't making a dollar, and that he not half so good! What do you think of that?

prietor or a barkeeper to-day who will not use you that he isn't making a dollar, and that he can't reduce prices.

"Right they are! They aren't making a dollar, and they will not make a dollar, because they scare every dollar in the neighborhood away from them. I'll tell you an honest fact. I was retting a gin fizz with a friend the other day. When he tasted his he put his glass down on the table.

"Take it back,' he said to the waiter, 'and tell the bartender that it's too strong. Tell him is squirt some more fizz water into the glass."

"What did the waiter do? He brought out a syphon and squirted in the water right there. Then what happened? When my friend came to my the check he found that the charge for the drike was 20 cents for the gin fizz and 20 cents may for the carbonic which the waiter had squired into it to make it drinkable. Forty cents for gin fizz!—only my friend wasn't such a foll so pay it. They said he would have to pay it. Be said that he'd see himself shot first; and in the for his honor as a soldier—he was in the Arsa with me—that he stuck to it, and would not pay that extra 20 cents."

" 'And, waiter,' he says, 'instead of putting cream in the coffee, please put in a spoonful or two of

with an Ironical laugh. Said the Colone "Now, if you'll run in and dress and meet me outside when I'm dressed we'll board a train for Bay Ridge, where the little yacht is lying. Then I'll give you a gin fizz that will make you want two more, and a dinner that—well, just run along and dress."

A DRAMA THAT WAS NOT WRITTEN

PLANS OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FATHER, AND ALEXANDRE DUMAS, SON, WHICH WERE NEVER CARRIED OUT-TWO CURIOUS LETTERS.

A curious and interesting bit of correspondence between Alexandre Dumas, father, and Alexandre Dumas, son, has just been published in Paris by Georges Boyer, showing that the two eminent Frenchmen had planned to write a theatrical piece together. Unfortunately, the plan was not es out, and the literary world was deprived, may be of a brilliant production. The letters read as to lows:

Alexandre Dumas, father, to Alexandre Dumas, son.
Dear Master: After thirty years of struggs, defeats and victories, of failures and successes, i believe that, if not a great celebrity, I nave, at least, the reputation of beling a fruitful novelution, yesterday I received from Victor Hugo, in Guernsey, a letter full of encouragement and congratulations. I have the honor to belong to the Society of Authors and the Society of Dramatists. My modest claims to the first are: (Here follows a list of, his most successful works.) Now, I begins of the master, the honor of writing with you a dramating five acts, the ideas for which I shall discuss with in five acts, the ideas for which I shall discuss with in accordance with the tastes of the day. Will you agree?

The reply of the son was:

The reply of the son was:

Alexandre Dumas, son, to Alexandre Dumas, father.

Dear Master: Your letter came to the correct address. The friendship, the love, the respect, the similarities which I have for my father make it my duty and pleasure to accept blindy your analyse offer. Be it so, therefore, we shall work together on some plece in five acts. To work with you, it me say, between us, will be no bad plece of business for me

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Son. The reply of the son was:

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S SHOES.

From The Boston Herald.

A good story of General Sheridan was told the other day by a Mexican, an intimate friend of the great Northern soldier in his lifetime. One day, great Northern soldier in his lifetime. One day, great Northern soldier in his lifetime. One day, and the calling on the commander of the army at his office in Washington, he found him at his desk, his feet encased in slippers and his shoes democratically placed on the top of the desk. While the General was apparently absorbed in some writing, the Mexican gentleman, who thought some servant had left can gentleman, who thought some servant had left can a gentleman, who thought some servant had left can a gentleman, who thought some servant had left from the wrong place, took his the wrong place, took his the wrong place, took his for cane and gently deposited the shoes on the floor of the topic began once more moving his shoes to the floor, when all at one sheridan roared out:

"Don't do that again, sir! You make me ridical took sir!"

"I beg your pardon, General, but how have!"

"I beg your pardon, When the house when long the house when long